

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

---

VOL. 14.

JULY, 1850.

NO. 4.

---

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

—  
LETTER X.

PARIS is, with us Americans, celebrated for its disagreeable winters, and it well deserves its reputation. A greater part of the time it is not cold enough to freeze in the sunshine, or rather at the time when the sun is expected to shine, and the rain or snow of the preceding day or night has made of the yellow clay of the streets a species of mud that exceeds all common notions of mud; it is like a thick light yellow paint, sticky and slippery and filthy beyond belief. It is seldom or never so cold as Boston, and you rarely have any wind, and the grass keeps green all winter; but it is nevertheless cold enough to make a good fire essential, and muffs and tippets very comfortable. But winter and cold weather are now all gone, and let us enjoy this beautiful Spring.

day. Let us pass through the Rue Chaussée D'Antin to the Boulevards. We must just stop again at this flower shop; there are many others, but this in especial is so lovely with the little fountain playing all the time. Look at those immense bunches in the windows, of pansies, violets, hyacinths of all colors, ixias, wall flowers, tulips, geraniums, narcissus, and oh! this is not half the variety of flowers; look into the shop; there are bushels of them and other flowers, all ranged round the wall; the perfume salutes the most insensible passer-by; it tells of the songs of birds, and of the delights of summer time. You cannot resist its influence. At the corner of every street is a woman with a basket of violets intermingled with evergreens. These women have such a pretty way of offering you their flowers, and they take good care you shall have their perfume, they know well you cannot resist that.

We will now cross the Boulevards, enter the Rue de la Paix, cross the Place Vendôme, go through the Rue Castiglione, and in a few minutes we are in the Place de la Concorde. Walk slowly through this magnificent place. Notice the splendid candelabras of bronze and gold, and let us place ourselves between these two noble works of art, the marble horses from Marly. How impatient they look to break away from the athletic arm which holds them! what life and spirit they show! how beautiful they are! Take one look now at the Arc de Triomphe; it is nearly two miles off, but looks very near. Now turn; and directly opposite, at some distance, you see what James Lowell calls the front door of the Tuilleries. Let us go and walk in the gardens that belong to them. We shall be soon there.

Here once dwelt kings and queens, and the gay and the powerful ; now the apartments are empty, forlorn, deserted. They speak only of the past—a mournful but instructive story. Let us turn from the palace and join this company of children. The gardens are full of beautiful children. Their mothers or nurses are sitting under the trees, while the children run about as they will. There are thousands of them playing at ball, driving hoops, jumping ropes, shouting, laughing, merry as children will be and ought to be. Stand here for a moment ; look first at the deserted building, then at the crowds of happy children, and the crowd of happy, contented people enjoying the gardens and the beautiful scene. Cast your eyes round upon the fine statues. Now look through this green, long-drawn aisle of trees cut in the form of a Gothic arch, far away past the Egyptian obelisk, to the Arc de Triomphe, and think how much of history there is in this single coup d'œil. Egypt and her mysteries ; Napoleon, his conquests and his fall ; then of the royal family of France, and the living monument of the departed glory of kings, Louis Philippe.

Let us take a stroll in the Champs Elysées. You have never seen anything so beautiful, so captivating, as the scene. It seems like enchantment. All the world is here. Young and old, poor and rich, fashionable and unfashionable. All for their amusement. Let us see what this group are looking at so earnestly. We will join them for a few moments. It is Punch and Judy ; the people are as much amused with this nonsense as they were hundreds of years ago. Punch and Judy are very ancient. Here is another little crowd ; it is col-

lected round a Fandango. A number of wooden ponies are wheeled round and round, and each has a rosy-cheeked boy upon it. Here is another in which they go in boats. Another in chairs. This amusement costs only two or three sous apiece to the children. The parents or the nurses stand round enjoying it almost as much as the children. Let us walk on. See that little fountain gleaming through the tender green of the young leaves as you see them in the pretty wood that forms a background to the picture. All along in the road you observe fine equipages of all sorts standing in waiting, while the gay world, or the poor invalids whom they brought to this place of enchantment, are walking about or sitting in chairs, courting health and amusement. Here is something still prettier than anything you have seen — a beautiful little carriage that can hold four children and a driver, drawn by four white goats, with black horns and beards. What pretty children — how happy they look — how French their young driver evidently is. The owner of the equipage who has let it to them for a few sous, is not far off, ready to prevent any accident, and takes the equipage when they have done with it. There is yet another carriage of the same sort, drawn by black goats; and there another, drawn by four very small ponies. The driver and footman are dressed in uniform, as Tom Thumb was in the habit of dressing himself, and it is called the Tom Thumb coach.

Let us now continue our walk to the beautiful fountain in a large open space not far from the Arc de Triomphe. The water springs from some low bronze water plants, and then turns and falls over like the heavy grains in a wheat sheaf. It is very beautiful, and gives



a delicious freshness to the air in hot weather. I am never weary of looking at it. A few steps more will bring us to the Arc de Triomphe. You must see this beautiful work of art to do any justice to it. It is truly magnificent; a description would only weary you.

As you walk in Paris, you cannot but notice how much care is taken of the children, how much their amusement is thought of, and how patient and kind the treatment of them is. I have been told that the Parisians never punish their children, are never severe with them, for that their temperament is such that they will not bear it; severity throws them into convulsions. Surely I never saw children of any class seem so happy. Like the birds, they seem to think the world was made for them alone, and they move about with the ease and satisfaction of monarchs of all they survey.

The French are also peculiarly kind to animals. No law is necessary in France for the protection of animals from the cruelty of their masters. You meet men and women very respectably dressed, leading dogs with the greatest care, and in the fashionable drives, every tenth carriage (it seemed to me) had a dog lying on the seat or standing on his hind legs, looking out of the window. A friend told me that when she was present at a grand review where there was a great crowd, she saw a woman who could not get near enough to see the show, hold up her dog over the heads of the people, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing what was going on. I have repeatedly met women carrying pretty large dogs in their arms.

But cats receive most particular attention from the Parisians. They are especially fond of the Angola cat,

which is certainly a beautiful animal. It has long fur, as soft as silk, and its tail, which is large and bushy, is very handsome. The creature is more gentle than our common house cat, and it is very intelligent and playful. It is a very aristocratic looking animal, and expects and receives a great deal of attention. Every one notices the cat of the house; every one treats it kindly. The common cat, which they call the gutter cat, is well cared for, like its more elegant rival. The effect of all this kindness upon the nature of this much abused animal is very perceptible. A lady of my acquaintance has an enormous cat that plays very amiably with some pet doves, nor ever offers to hurt them. The other day an enormous Angola cat was dressed up with blue ribbons and paraded on the Boulevards. It was offered for sale at sixty francs, about twelve dollars. Hundreds of people stopped to look at it and caress it. A fine Angola cat is considered a very handsome present. You never see wretched looking cats in the street, nor do you ever see dogs or boys chasing them. A treaty of peace exists between them and these their natural enemies. It was only yesterday that I heard of three kittens and five puppies all nursed by the mother of the puppies. And in my own country, I once saw a cat suckling an enormous puppy.

Not far from my present abode is a hospital for dogs and cats and other animals. A figure of a hound is over the gate, and over a door of the house is a figure of a spaniel, and the sign says, "Hospice pour les chiens et les chats et les autres animaux."

Now it is easy to laugh at all this, but one may learn a great deal of the character of a people from such facts.

A nation that loves and cherishes children, flowers and animals is a kindly people, and must have a gentle, loving heart. And you cannot walk the streets of Paris without seeing evidence of this. If you ask a Frenchman to show you the way, he will not only do so, but he will often go some distance with you to make sure that you go right. In the omnibus, there is no necessity for a clumsy man to come in for the fare, treading upon your dress or your toes, for every one is ready to pass the fare to the conductor, and pass back the change. Politeness is the habit of the people. You meet with it every where. I had heard of a shop in the Palais Royal, where they had a staircase of glass which they called the crystal stairs. I went in, and after *bon jour*, which you always receive and return, I mentioned that I did not come to make any purchase, but to look at the crystal stairs, if I might be allowed. "Certainly," the person in attendance said, and invited me to go up stairs, and then asked me if I would not like to look at their porcelain. She then opened the case containing their beautiful things, and took out some of them of the most exquisite workmanship, and showed me all that was most beautiful in the shop, though she knew I did not mean to purchase anything. When I thanked this very pretty, lady-like young woman, she said, "Oh, our shop is the first in Paris, and I love to show the beautiful things to a stranger."

I fear you may think this letter somewhat frivolous, but to me these little things are very significant, and if it should help any of our very young readers to give up any one of their prejudices, our walk together will not be without some value.

E. L. F.

## VERONICA,

OR, THE SLATER'S DAUGHTER.

[Translated from the German.]

“‘HOLD it fast now, and do not strike against any thing; tell your father that I am going to the bleaching ground and shall often look at him from thence. Go, and be very careful.’

The little five-year old Veronica taking up the handkerchief in which the plate containing her father's dinner was tied, tripped through the streets towards the vast and beautiful cathedral of Seeberg, and courageously entered the open door of its steeple. Immediately she commenced mounting — slowly indeed, but without hesitating — the multitudinous steps of the staircase, which wound round in a circle. The way was sometimes entirely dark, so that she was obliged to guide herself by her disengaged hand, with which she took fast hold on the rope that served instead of a banister, and then she all the more gladly welcomed the daylight, as it shone in through a small window and illumined her ascent. And now she had mounted above the belfry, where the great brazen tongues of the church hung in profound repose amid a thickly wooded grove. The sight of these often excites an oppressive feeling in the grown man; he measures his own impotence with



the strength of those metal throats, which he figures to himself as set in swinging motion, and he breathes more freely when he has left behind him the gloomy laboratory of these solemn knells.

Not so Veronica, light and careless she glided upward between the huge metal masses, just as all of us daily glide among the infinitely greater world-masses which God's power holds fast in open space. Indeed, the busy feet of the little girl actually stopped while she complacently listened to the shrill clang of the silver clock-bell, which announced to all the miners and the other inhabitants in the city the hour of noon. The strong measured stroke of the pendulum, reverberating through the upper part of the steeple like the fearful tramp of an unearthly foot, had no other effect upon the slater's little daughter, than to cause her to time her own speed by it during the remainder of the ascent, and mount the same number of steps between each stroke. And now she was beyond the apartment of the warder, when a cracked voice called after her, 'Who goes there?'

'It is I, dame Nidel,' carolled down Veronica's fresh young tones. 'I am carrying up his dinner to my father.'

The little steeple climber was then permitted to pass on, it being necessary for her to give still greater proofs of her courage, as well as caution. The children in poor mountainous districts, are compelled both by necessity and their parents to exercise their understandings as well as their corporeal energies, far more than the little ones in a flat country. Hence likewise they become more adroit and enterprising than the others.

Not an individual in all Seeberg thought it strange, that Veronica at five years old should be accustomed to perform a feat almost every day, which would have been very dangerous for many a grown person. Like a fowl to its perilous roost, or rather like a snail, the child crept up the ladders which led high above where the narrow wooden stair-case ended. It was her care not merely to escape herself from falling, but to keep safe her father's dinner. At length she reached that story of the steeple wherein the last look out was situated, where a slight scaffolding, framed out of some joists loosely fastened together with boards laid over them, was placed outside. Upon that tottering bridge Veronica, undaunted, planted her steady foot, and immediately found herself in the open air fronting the steeple, with a frightful gulf yawning beneath her. Veronica however paid no heed to it, but lifted her eye above to the pinnacle of the steeple, where her father was standing upon the top of three ladders tied together, the lowest of which had the scaffolding for its basis.

'Father,' cried the child from below, while she held her hand before her eyes to shade them from the perpendicular rays of the sun, 'I have brought you your dinner.'

Madler, the slater, heard the call plainly enough, and knew who it was that spoke. But he continued nailing without turning his head or giving an answer, until he had made fast two more slate-tiles. Whereupon the little maiden after putting down her bundle was about climbing up to her father, when a 'Stay below, Nickel,' made her turn back in an instant, for this much she had already learned by her wisdom, that

when her father called her 'Nickel' instead of 'Veronica,' he was never to be trifled with. Soon afterwards he was by her side, and using the lowest round of the ladder for a seat, he busied himself with a scientific investigation of the contents of the plate which was tied up in the handkerchief, being fully determined to come to the bottom of it. Veronica in the meanwhile was surveying the prospect, which might indeed be called most enchanting in every direction. Why is it that we always conceive of heaven or paradise, as above? Perhaps because the gratification of looking down upon the bustle of the world or the beauties of this earth-ball is so great. How big little Veronica now seemed to herself, in comparison with the wee human figures in the market and in the streets beneath her feet, which were creeping round like ants. She could overlook a hundred chimnies, and though she could not peep at all the hams and strings of sausages hanging in them, she could see the smoke with which they had been surrounded, wreathing in pillars out of the tops. How little the great water tank in front of the church now appeared to her, the walls of which, when you were below, always looked as high as a house! And did not Seeberg itself look exactly like the little towns which are sold at the annual fairs for a few half pence, to be built or pulled to pieces as you like, and shut up again in a box? And then the mountains, which completely surrounded Seeberg like a girdle!—these with their naked or forest-covered ridges, with their fortress-like precipices and alternating verdant fields, seemed to have soared nearer heaven than usual. Finally the sky itself—how heavenly blue it looked over head here!

And the white clouds as they sailed above over it! — not looking like bags that were to be ripped open, but like angels with white-plumed wings. And into both sky and clouds rose the high cross of the steeple with the huge gilt ball or knob — not to be looked at without awe.

‘See, father,’ cried Veronica pointing to a distance with her little fat hand, ‘away off there, by the Pandur rock — that is the bleachery, where our cloth is whitening. Mother will soon be there with little George in her arms. Have you finished your dinner?’

That he had not, Veronica divined from his unready grumbling tone. Consequently Veronica again turned her attention towards the lower world, where a flock of doves rising on the wing excited in her the imitative instinct. She began carefully to collect in her apron all the little bits of the slates which had been thrown away by her father as useless. Then stepping close to the edge of the giddy gulf, she shook out her apron and stooping far over, watched the contents as they were scattered to every wind.

‘O look, father,’ she gleefully shouted, ‘how far my doves fly!’ And the dismayed father looking up from the contemplation of his plate, would have uttered a cry of horror at the extreme danger of Veronica’s situation, had he not, like an experienced slater, commanded himself, and with soft words coaxed his little daughter to come in and take charge of his empty plate. But when Veronica stood again at his side safe and tranquil, his terror changed to anger, so that her blooming cheeks were painted with a still deeper hue which was wiped off with no sponge or kiss, but ef-



faced only gradually by time. The slater gave vent to his disturbance in these terms. 'Nickel, what silly tricks are you about? You will break your neck, and your arms and legs into the bargain. Were those bits of slate to fall into anybody's eyes, or to strike some other tender spot, the wages of many a week would wander off to the doctor or apothecary for a stranger, and you must then see where your breakfasts and dinners are to come from. Away with you, I shall carry home the plate and spoon with me. A little more, and down you would have tumbled and been changed yourself into such doves as you were flying.'

And Veronica, troubled at her father's reprimand, slowly moved away, nor did she quite forget it until she had arrived at the bleachery among the Pandur rocks.

"Six weeks afterwards, the monotonous life and pursuits of the inhabitants of Seeburg were interrupted by a little spectacle of a peculiar sort. The church steeple was new slated and its ball had been re-gilded. The master-slater was to receive, as usual, from the city, a complete suit of clothes in addition to his wages, and it was rumored abroad that one of the slaters on mounting the ball of the steeple for the last time, intended to exhibit some break-neck feat for the amusement of the public. Master Madler would have nothing to do with such things; like a cautious man he hated all rash adventures, and moreover he was a husband and a father. But he had been necessitated to deliver up the com-

pleting of his work to his brother-in-law, a giddy pated youngster, having been subject of late to a dangerous vertigo in which the blood rushed to his head and made it so heavy that his eyes saw everything in green and yellow, and the whole steeple often went round and round with him. Under such circumstances it would have been presumption in him to have exposed himself to the risk of a downfall; on the contrary, he took the advice of the physician who ordered him to make use of the Karlsbad springs, which were only a few miles distant.

Upon the appointed day, the inhabitants of Seeburg congregated to see the show, standing partly in the adjoining streets and the church square, partly at the windows of conveniently situated houses, and partly too upon the roofs in the same manner as at a real theatre, with the pit for the middle class, the boxes for the quality and the gallery for the low people.

The slater did not keep them long in waiting for his performance. With a pack on his back containing the above mentioned suit of clothes, he swung himself out of the highest aperture upon the scaffolding before described. Like a cat, he climbed the ladders which conducted him to another scaffold close beneath the ball. From thence by means of a rope, he ascended over the bulge of the glittering ball, up to the cross, at the foot of which, after putting the last finish to his work, he opened his wardrobe. Unpacking his bundle and divesting himself of his boots, he threw them overboard, so that they went down from the steeple a great deal faster than they had come up. He then drew the

new stockings over his gray thread ones, the vest and coat over his short working jacket, and so proceeded until his transformation was completed. Having then made a low bow to the spectators, in which to show his gratitude, he waved on high the master's new felt hat, he prepared again to quit his slippery, dangerous standpoint. Now however, he looked about in vain for the rope, which being fastened by a slip-knot round the point of the cross, had served him as a ladder and was to have conducted him down again to the scaffold. The rope was one of the slenderest, and the noose on the other hand had been wide ; under the force of the wind therefore, which at that height blew very strong, it had slipped down over the round ball. This discovery produced a second transformation. It converted the daring boaster into a faint-hearted coward, who by vociferations and speaking gestures made known his helpless desperate situation. At last indeed, all that the slater endeavored to express by a thousand agonized contortions, was plainly comprehended, yet no one could help him. True, there were many miners in Seeberg who were accustomed every day to descend into the earth ten steeples deep, and upon ladders more frail than those which led up to the ball of the steeple ; only in a dark shaft the danger is less visible than from a steeple above ground, where the abyss yawns to right and left. Besides — so thought an aged miner — people are far more ready to go down to hell, than up to heaven — a comparison at any rate suited to the occasion, for whatever were the cause, not a person offered to help the man in the air down again to the ground, by throwing to him

a rope, although the worshipful magistrate promised a reward for so doing that should be equal to the full week's wages of a miner, that is, a dollar and four shillings.

In the meanwhile, the boaster on his ball grew more and more discouraged, the longer the implored succour was delayed. With convulsive energy he clung to the cross, seeing deliverance in it alone from the yawning gulf. All the kingdoms of the world and their glory which he could have overlooked from his lofty stand-point, would he joyfully have surrendered, to be able ouce more to plant a firm foot upon the ground. But alas! for him the rope had literally become a snare.

Among the helpless spectators was dame Madler, the own though not only sister of the much tried man. She too could do nothing for him save lament and weep; and now they all had united in the resolution to send a messenger on horseback to Karlsbad, to Madler the master slater, who though unable to ascend himself, might at least as a man of experience, impart good advice when the facts should have been laid before him.

Already was the messenger sitting on the saddle of a horse hired for the purpose; and intelligence of the plan now adopted had been conveyed through the speaking trumpet of the steeple warder, to the enforced inhabitant of the steeple ball, communicating to him the agreeable probability of his passing all the remainder of the day upon his elevated stand-point.

Veronica in the meanwhile, had been obliged to remain at home with her little brother, as the three farthings earned by her mother at the bleachery were



needful in the housekeeping ; but when she had at last succeeded in rocking the little screamer who was ill with the measles, into a sound sleep, she went in pursuit of her mother, whose bitter wailing on account of her brother struck her to the very heart.

‘And is it only a rope that our kinsman wants?’ — she asked with surprise. ‘Whew! if I never once broke the plate, I shall be in less danger of losing the rope. I will carry it up to uncle, just as I did father’s dinner.’

Inasmuch as little Veronica had not the slightest fear of breaking her own plate — that is her head — she thought, but could not with all her thinking comprehend why there was so great an uproar about such a trifle.

Hereupon dame Madler underwent a severe struggle between her maternal and her sisterly affection. Ought she to expose her five-year old child to a hazard, from which the boldest miner started back? But there was her only brother bewailing himself aloft, and here stood her little daughter in sound condition, and voluntarily offering herself to this labor of love. She was abundantly certain besides, that Veronica did not know what vertigo was, and that she was more practised in climbing than many a man. The scales turned in favor of her hardly bestead brother. Thereupon the child was accompanied up into the steeple as far as the last aperture, and furnished with several coils of rope, lest in attempting to throw one of them to the top of the tall ball, her little hand might fail with the first to hit the mark. The strictest caution was at the same

time enjoined upon her. Indeed upon the report of Veronica's offer, a lane had been opened for her through the thickly pressing crowd, and the little girl as she tripped along through it, was contemplated with genuine reverence. The sympathy and admiration however rose incomparably higher, when she emerged from the aperture and began to climb the ladder; not an eye turned aside from the tiny creature, as she crept along higher and higher, and stretched out her little hands as the snail does his feelers, to take hold of the rounds of the ladder. Just as travellers ascending the St. Gothard are accustomed at a certain height to tie up the bells of their mules and abstain from cracking their whips lest the sound should convert the crumbling snow into an horrific avalanche, such now was the endeavor in Seeburg to guard against every noise in the neighborhood of the church, so that nothing might startle the young climber. Scarcely did they dare to breathe aloud, and for the moment even the man on the ball of the steeple for whose sake the adventure was undertaken, was forgotten. Without a false step Veronica had reached the highest scaffold, between which and the foot of the cross there were still five or six ells. The slater could not descry his young deliverer, on account of the projection of the ball beneath which the scaffolding stood, but he had received information of her arrival through the speaking trumpet. All were in breathless expectation, when Veronica raised her arm to throw up one of the coils of rope. Oh dear! — the first did not go far enough, but falling too low dropped again upon the scaffolding. The second throw went too high,

and so the rope was lost and hurried down the steep. Sadly throbbed all hearts when this was perceived; but now! huzza! he has succeeded in catching the ball, and is again tossing the rope in a slip-noose over the point of the cross. Before he makes ready to descend however, Veronica, as she had been charged, leaves the scaffolding and retreats to the ladders, lest her uncle in coming down the steep should push her off from the narrow board staging. Close behind her followed the rescued slater; but each spectator still suppresses the shout of joy, as the most imminent danger is not over until Veronica shall have descended the ladder and reached the aperture. But now — Oh what pealing huzzas rend the air! A resounding jubilee of gladness follows the hushed silence of the grave. The courageous little Veronica is almost smothered with caresses, as she comes forth from the steeple hanging on the hand of her delivered relative. For a whole three days, nothing was talked about in Seeberg and its neighborhood but the slater's daughter. To strangers visiting the place she was introduced as one of the sights of the city. The newspapers filled their columns with descriptions of the heroic deed, and after the flight of two rapid years Veronica was — forgotten!"

L. O.

## SONG OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAVE you not heard in the sweet summer time,  
A sound as of young birds singing,  
When the beautiful earth is drest in her prime,  
And the woods with soft echoes are ringing?  
It is I, it is I, in my gay summer mirth,  
Brightening the joy of the beautiful earth!

Seek my green coat in the long verdant grass,  
I am there with my frolicsome bound;  
But tread like a fairy — for, if, as you pass,  
I should hear your light foot on the ground,  
I cease my gay song, and you seek me in vain,  
Or think me a leaf on the emerald plain.

And oh such a leaf! no soft summer wind  
E'er toss'd leaflet so wide or so high  
As the long double legs which I carry behind  
Bear me over the ground as I fly.  
I beat my shrill drum, my light music you hear,  
Softly chirping to summer its bright notes of cheer.

" Stray Leaves from Fairy Land."



## FRAGMENTS

FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER  
THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

## NO. II.

[Continued from page 143.]

DECEMBER 19.

NEVER shall I forget the moment when, from the top of the last ridge of those noble hills, the Mediterranean burst upon me—the glorious outlines of the mountain line softening down into the olive-covered plains, and carrying out their fine sweep into distant points, all stretching forth gracefully from the Bay of Marseilles into the gulf of Lyons: the little Quarantine Island, the soft line of the blue sea blending imperceptibly into the still softer grey of cloud and sky;—it was delicious—the sweet breeze of the south playing upon my brow, and the sun glancing over the brown vine branches which here cling round every cottage, and giving a bronze tint to the pine trees, which standing on every height, reminded me so strongly of all the pictures I ever saw of Mediterranean shores;—this very sun was hardly visible, stealing from behind the rainy clouds, before all felt like summer.

It has been so for two days or more. While the sun was hidden, the air felt mild, like Spring, and very

refreshing after the cold northern region through which we have been passing — yet still not quite warm; but the moment he came out, the feeling of *the South* was on one wholly.

I observed many things which reminded me of America — of the cane-brakes of the Southern States for instance: only they do not grow wild here, as there, but are cultivated in strips of ground for many useful purposes. Then the Plane-trees, which in America they call Buttonwood trees, were on every side, hanging out their graceful tassels, but the trees here are not one-sixth the size of those across the Atlantic. We have the Plane-tree in abundance in the south of England; but I never saw the tassels arrive at the size of those here and in the States.

We drove through a very dirty suburb, as usual, without foot pavement, full of women in caps, and men

“bearded like the Pard,”

till we arrived among the better streets of this handsome town, and took up our quarters at L'Hôtel d'Orient, a very comfortable and handsome establishment, intended for the travellers by the Indian mails more especially; hence its name; — but combining taste, luxury and *cleanliness* in a way which I fancy rather uncommon in France. They say that the requisitions of English travellers, always impatient of a want of cleanliness, have occasioned this change.

Marseilles is very interesting from its important commercial position, as well as from its surrounding landscape. Some parts of the town are handsome, and here and there you catch a glimpse of prettily planted

streets. A long succession of hills, heaping up at last into a rocky mountain, stretch out on one side, along the side of the bay. This is crowned with a picturesque building, half church, half fortress in appearance, which is in fact used for both, for a church stands in the midst of buildings which are fortified, and guarded by soldiers; and this church is filled with offerings from devotees who have been drawn there by the extensive view which the height of the mountain affords of the sea. The shipwrecks which are often visible from this spot, have a fearful power in drawing hither the relatives of Mediterranean mariners; and in storms they vow certain gifts to the church, if their friends return safe. The number of these "ex-votos" proves how often their friends have escaped the fearful rocks which stretch beneath those waters, now so smooth and peaceful.

R. W. A.

---

### SONG.

[From "The Flock at the Fountain."]

"Your hands, one and all!  
Mine to thine,  
And thine to mine,  
Ne'er let strife between us fall;—  
Love is life's best treasure.

In our work, or in our play,  
As if brothers,  
Helping others,  
Share we in their toil to-day  
Tomorrow in their pleasure.

## FABLE.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

"ONCE upon a time an agile, gamesome fly, a careful hoarding ant, and an industrious modest bee, met together in the corner of a grove. The fly, according to her wont, sipped at the flowers, the grasses, the dust and the manure, and settled herself upon every spot without discrimination. Up the ridges, down the hollows and along the level spaces, feeling her way with her two antennæ, she fearlessly pursued her path. Dame ant on the contrary laboriously lugged every thing into her store house. The bee, in the meanwhile, flew straight to the flowers, and from rosy morn to purple twilight diligently plied her task, in filling her basket with their sweets.

## THE MORAL.

Methinks I see a whole laughing troop of little misses; away they go arm in arm, like a garland of flowers, wending their way under the shade of the elm-trees; and now they have reached a grove. Like the fly, eager for pleasure, they run about everywhere. Some of them however — and that is a great pity — do mischief — they tear off the branches, they pull up the flowers; they leave a track behind them like a tornado, and all this that they may gather bouquets, which swell to the size of a fagot-bundle and are then thrown away for something else. Roses or lilies of the valley, no matter



which, all are trampled under foot. Two or three of the party however, in reverence of the Hand divine which dresses the fields with their verdure, content themselves with enjoying every thing; they examine each plant with wondering curiosity, and seek to discover where lies the secret of the fragrant incense of its perfume. A mother arrives upon the scene, and to mothers God imparts wisdom through their affections; because a true pure love foresees the future in the present, derives instruction from every incident, and imparts a charm to duty. This mother thus addresses the little party.

“That troublesome fly lives only to enjoy himself, and cares for nobody else. The ant too, with all her bustle and carefulness, trotting backwards and forwards, is only hoarding all the time; she produces nothing. But look at the flowers, see how the bees come out of their fresh fragrant chalice, laden with sweets, to be turned into honey on which all may feast. Children, may this be the portion conferred on you by heaven — may yours be the skill to gather from mortal things the honey and the fragrance, so that when that last day arrives, on which the soul shall mount up on wings and soar away to God, you may be able to say, ‘Lord, here am I! From the early morning of life I have labored and gathered; my day in that world which passes away is ended; I come to thee; my wages are here!’”

L. O..

## THE BASKET-MAKER.

THERE once lived an old man, who was very poor, and who gained his livelihood by weaving baskets, which he sold in the neighboring town. I have said this old man was very poor, but he was also very happy and contented. His little cottage, though simply furnished, was beautiful from the air of neatness and freshness which pervaded it; around his windows and door, the grape vine, with its rich luscious fruit, grew luxuriantly, and his small garden, cultivated by his own hands, was studded with fresh fragrant flowers, those beautiful "stars of earth's firmament." Happily and contentedly lived this poor man — till one day, as he was sitting at his door, working on his baskets, a cavalcade of richly dressed persons passed by. They were escorting their king, who was going to visit a distant part of his dominions. In a gilded chariot, richly adorned with precious stones and drawn by eight coal-black steeds, whose gay trappings glittered in the bright rays of the sun, rode the king, his person ornamented with velvets and silks, and costly jewels. At this sight, the heart of our cottage friend was filled with a spirit of discontent, which had never entered there before. "Why," said he, to himself, "why am I obliged to live in a poor house, and wear coarse clothes, and labor hard all the day, while these men who are probably no more worthy than I, are decked in jewels and gold, live in splendid palaces, and have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves? I will go to court and see if I cannot find

something more profitable to do than weaving baskets. Perhaps I shall gain favor with the king, and then he will reward me by making me rich and great." With these thoughts he went into the house and told his daughter what he meant to do. She fell upon his neck and besought him, weeping, not to go. "My dearest father," she said, "we are very happy here — at court you may meet with difficulties and dangers, and unkind friends, who will make you wretched. I am willing to work even harder than I do now, if I can procure anything that will add to your happiness; but do not, O, do not go away from our pleasant home." But the old man said, "Hush child, you know not what you say; you shall be decked with jewels, my daughter," and he stroked her fair hair caressingly, "and your beauty shall shine at court ere long." But the saddened girl only wept more bitterly, as she said, "I ask not for jewels nor gold; I ask only that you will love me and not leave me. A voice whispers me that it is better to be lowly and innocent, though poor, than to live at the court of princes. My father, our blessed Saviour sought not those who walk in high places, but dwelt with the humble and poor of the earth." But the father, though he could not but feel that there was deep truth in the words which fell from his daughter's lips, evaded them, and said, "It will be but a short time, my child, and then I shall return, bringing you greater happiness than you have ever yet dreamed of." The young girl was silent, for she felt and saw with deep pain, the vainness of her own words. Slowly and sadly she made preparations for her father's journey, and parted from him with a sorrowful heart. The old man

1  
went on his way and soon arrived at court. The first person whom he saw there, called out to him in a loud, coarse voice, "What seek you here, old man? your dress is unseemly to appear at court — begone, we allow no beggars here." "I come not to ask alms, but employment," answered the seeker, "I wish to serve the king or some of his noblemen."

"You can best serve him by departing hence," said the man, "*you* serve the king, indeed! you look exceedingly like it! you are old, and ugly, and feeble — the king wants no such people about him." He would have gone on still farther in his coarse ribaldry, had not one of the courtiers who happened to be passing that way, stopped, to inquire the cause of his abusive language. On being informed of the wish of the old man, the nobleman told him that he had lately lost his steward, and if he would undertake to fill the office, he should be liberally paid for it. The eyes of the basket-maker glistened as he thought of the money he should have to carry home to his daughter, and he gladly accepted the office. He followed the nobleman through many lofty rooms and spacious galleries, elegantly furnished, but he remarked that all the pages and attendants laughed at his coarse garb and awkward appearance, and in audible whispers, made game of him. A sensation of pain agitated his breast, for a moment, as he recalled the words of his daughter, but he quickly drove it away; and now he was called upon to exchange his rustic habit for one more suitable to his situation. He tried to persuade himself that he felt quite happy in his elegant dress, and in the luxuries which surrounded him; but in a few days the novelty



of these things wore off, and he began to yearn for his simple cottage, his beautiful garden, and the society of his daughter. His heart ached at the emptiness, the levity and impiety which he saw daily, and he was shocked at the harsh and wicked words, and the unkind and unjust actions of those who surrounded him. He bore this for many days; but the sorrow of his heart increased every hour, and at length he could no longer resist the desire to return to his home. He apprized his master of his wish, whereat the nobleman was much offended, and bade him begone directly, telling him at the same time that he should give him no money for his services. The old man ventured to remonstrate against this injustice; but his master in a loud and angry voice, threatened him with severe punishment unless he departed immediately. Slowly and mournfully he wended his way toward the outer gate of the palace. There, sitting upon a mossy stone, he saw a very old man whom he instantly recognised as an old sage whom he had seen about the court. He was clad in a garb of the most rigid simplicity, and his face was pale with deep thought and study; but there was a beautiful expression of meekness and humility in his countenance, and his large, dark eyes, sunken deep in his head, were lighted with a high and holy inspiration. He turned his head slowly as our traveller approached, and fixing his eyes upon him, said, "O, thou foolish man, and full of ignorance, didst thou think to find happiness at the court of princes? Or finding that which thou soughtest, wealth — didst thou think to find with it, that uprightness of heart and peace of

mind which is the only true happiness? Know that it is often in the meanest huts and cottages that the truest happiness is found—for rarely do piety and worldly splendor walk hand in hand. When the eye is dazzled with the garishness and the false brightness of wealth, it is not easy to see goodness; but when the clear, undeceptive light of the sun, and the soft, mild radiance of the moon and stars, unbroken, save by the shadows of nature's own children—the hills, and trees, and shrubs, descend upon man, the spirit of holiness enters his heart unbidden; and he says, with deep love and reverence, 'God is good, I too will be good, and try to please him by doing his holy will.' Go then, O man, to thy home: made wiser and better by experience, and more ready to do the work which is before thee." And the old man kneeled down and kissed the hand of the sage, and thanked him for his good counsel. When he arrived at the door of his cottage, he met his daughter, who embraced him, with tears in her eyes; but they were tears of joy; for she saw by her father's countenance, that he was more wise and good than when he went away. And the old man lived many years with his daughter, in peace and contentment of mind; and often did he bless the sage for the words of wisdom which had fallen from his lips.

A. G. C.

## SONG OF THE GULF WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine;  
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,  
Flung on the foam afar and near;  
Mark my manifold mystery,—  
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
Rootless and rover though I be;  
My crankling leaves, when nicely spread,  
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;  
Corals curious coat me o'er,  
White and hard in apt array;  
Amid the wild waves' rude uproar,  
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,  
Something whispers soft to me,  
Restless and roaming forevermore,  
Like this weary weed of the sea;  
Bear they yet on each beating breast  
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,  
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
Grace informing with silent soul.

## A CONVERSATION ABOUT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mrs. THOMPSON was the mother of two children, named Robert and Mary. Her husband was lost at sea, when Robert was four, and Mary two years of age. She was a good mother, and devoted herself very much to the education of her children.

Robert and Mary went to Sunday School, and were very much interested in their lessons.

They had a good teacher, whom they loved with all their hearts. Mrs. Thompson always talked with them about the Bible on Sunday evenings, and asked them questions about their lessons. One of her friends said to her one day, "I wonder that you should send your children to the Sunday School, when you have so much time to teach them at home. Do you think it right to take the time of the teachers when there are so many poor and ignorant children who need their instructions?" Mrs. Thompson answered her by saying;—"I think it would not be well to have the Sunday school made up of the ignorant. Miss Wilson, the teacher of my children, says that the influence in the class of those who have been well instructed at home, is very great, and that often when she has asked a question, they have answered it in such a way as to make the more ignorant understand and remember it much better than she could have done."

"For my part," said her friend, "I think it best to keep my children from the society of the vulgar. In the Sunday school there are no distinctions; and young



children often get intimate with those who will be troublesome to them in after life."

"That is one of the reasons why I wish my children to go to Sunday school. I think it will make them better to get interested in poor children, and I also think that there are many children among those whom you call vulgar, who are religious, well educated, and refined, and whose society will do them good instead of harm. I think I could not make the study of the Bible as interesting to my children at home as it is made to them in Sunday school. The prayers and addresses from the minister often impress their minds, and they have loved the day more since they have become so much interested in the school."

One Sunday evening Mrs. Thompson was talking about the school with her children. Robert said he could remember a great deal of the last address. "Shall I begin now to tell about it?" said he.

"Yes, my dear."

"It was not from our minister, but from a gentleman with whom he exchanged. He said he knew two boys who were in the same class in the Sunday school. The eldest boy told his teacher that his brother, whose name was George, would not say his prayers the night before, and that his mother was angry with him. The teacher asked the little boy why he did not say his prayers. He looked very sad, and said that a boy had treated him ill, and he could not forgive him, so he felt afraid to say, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' The minister asked us if this boy did right or wrong. He said that the teacher explained to him that if it would have been wrong for

him to pray to be forgiven, it would have been right for him to pray to God to help him to forgive the boy who had ill treated him. The minister said if we would pray to God to help us to be good, he would always hear and help us. I wish I knew how old the boy was. He called him a little boy. I think most little boys would have thought they must do just as their mothers told them."

"I think" said Mary, "when I was a very little child I should have known it was wrong to ask God to forgive me when I was angry with any one."

"This is a story" said Mrs. Thompson, "which I hope you will always remember. I have thought sometimes Robert, that you repeated the prayers in Sunday school in a careless way, as if you did not know what you were saying. If you think of this little boy when you begin the prayer it will help you to think of what you are saying."

"I will try," said Robert, "but I am afraid the next address I hear will put this one out of my head."

"I can tell you about an address, mother," but it is not so good as the one Robert has been telling you about," said Mary.

"I should like to hear it."

"The minister knew a boy who had a good mother, who used to tell him about God and the Bible. She taught him every night before he went to sleep to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,

"If I should die before I wake

"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This boy grew up to be a very wicked man, and fell into many bad habits. When he went to bed one night he began to ask himself why his mother taught him to say this verse, and he thought of it over and over again, until he began to repent of his sins, and at last became a good man. The minister told us that we could not tell how much good one little verse might do us if we understood it well. I have often thought it was a waste of time to teach little children hymns which they could not understand, but I shall not think so any more, because they may remember them when they grow up as this boy did, and be made better by them."

"I have thought of another address," said Mary; "shall I tell about it?"

"Yes, my dear, I should like to have you tell me of every good thing you have heard or read."

"It was from Mr. Jones our superintendant. He said we all heard a great deal about being saved by Christ, and we thought of it as something that was to happen to us after we were grown up. We all thought Christ came to save men and women, but he did not believe any of us thought he was to save children. He said he could save each one of us now if we would let him."

"Let him!" said Robert, "I am sure every body would let him, and be glad to be saved."

"No," said Mary, "he said we would not let him save us when we would not try to be good and learn of Jesus. Every time we tried to resist temptation and do any good thing, when we looked to God and asked him to help us, he was saving us. He said Jesus could

save the youngest child in that meeting-house, if he would only try to be as good as he could. I can write pretty well now, and I think I shall try to write all that I can remember of the addresses which I hear."

"And I think I shall too," said Robert, "and the sermons, and the things that I hear at Sunday school."

"I will tell you what I should like," said Mary, "that is, for us to keep a journal in Sunday school, and have the scholars take turns to write in it, as they do in some of the older classes. I will speak to Miss Wilson about it next Sunday. Don't you think it would be a good plan, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I should like it very much. But I am afraid some of the scholars are too young. You can begin and set them the example. Perhaps the youngest may write a little, and if the journal is read in the class it may do good, and give pleasure to those who cannot remember as well as you can."

"Do you think," said Robert, "that a boy or girl could be good who lived with wicked people, and had no good instruction?"

"I should think it would be very difficult for them to be so; but I knew a boy once who grew up to be very different from all his friends."

"Do tell us about him, mother. It is a long time since you have told us a story."

"One bright winter evening," said Mrs. Thomson, "when the moon and stars were looking down upon us and the ground was covered with snow, your grandfather and grandmother were walking by Mr. John Brown's."

"That old man who lives at the corner of State Street?" said Robert.



"Yes, the same; only he was a young man then, and old Mrs. Brown was his young wife. They saw a basket close to the door, and as they stopped to look into it, a child began to cry."

"A child out in the winter! How cruel it was for any person to put it there in the cold! I should have thought it would have frozen."

"It was wrapped up very warmly, but I think it would have frozen if it had remained there a great while. Mr. and Mrs. Brown came to the door just as your grandfather was uncovering the face of the poor little thing. It was a pretty baby about three months old. It was fat and clean."

"I think that was strange," said Mary, "I should think any one who was so cruel as to put a child out such a cold night, would not keep it clean or treat it well."

"Perhaps its mother might have just died, and there were no friends who were willing to take care of it. We never found out who put it there. Your grandfather knew that Mr. Brown's habits were very bad; and that his wife was very passionate. He also knew that they were both very fond of children, and was afraid they would wish to keep the baby, as they had no children of their own."

"I thought," said Robert, "they were very good."

"I hope they are, my son. Mr. Brown reformed, a number of years since, and the neighbors say that his wife has improved very much since the time of which I am speaking. The moment Mr. and Mrs. Brown saw the baby, they began to talk about taking it for their

own. My father said he should like to take it home, and consider what would be best to do with it. Perhaps he and his wife might conclude to keep it themselves. This seemed to make Mrs. Brown very angry, and your grandfather thought it best to give it up, thinking they might get tired of the care of it before a great while, and be willing to let him take it. Mr. Brown took the basket into the house, and my father and mother walked home. They often heard that the Browns were delighted with the child. They named it John, for Mr. Brown; and it grew finely. When my brother Robert was ten years old, my father sent him to a public school. He used very often when he came home to tell us that John Brown was the best boy and the best scholar in school. It did not seem strange that he should be a good scholar, but it did seem strange that he should be a very good boy when he had such bad examples at home. He did not play as much as the other boys, and often seemed very sad. We began to hear very bad accounts of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The neighbors said they were very noisy. One man heard Mr. Brown speak very sharply to John as he was going to school. He only looked up in his face and said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie to please anybody.' Robert said he seemed to grow good as fast as his father did wicked. When he was old enough, he had a great desire to learn a trade of Mr. Smith the silversmith, but Mr. Brown had just opened a little shop where among other things he sold spirit, and wished John to go into it and help him. John was unwilling to do so, and his father was very angry with him. One day Robert came home looking

very unhappy, and said something must be done for John. He said, 'Today he will have to go into that grog-shop, and I believe it will kill him to do so. I am sure it would kill me to have to sell spirit. What shall we do, father?' 'I can't tell what to do,' said my father. 'I have no right to take him away from his father, and if I should advise him to leave him it would only make Mr. Brown very angry, and do no good.' When my father said this Robert burst into tears. The next day he came home from school looking very happy and said, 'John is going to a trade. His father cannot manage him.' He then began to clap his hands and jump about the room. It was sometime before he would tell us any more about it. He then said that he had had a long talk with John that morning; that Mr. Brown had told him he must either come into the shop with him or leave his house; and John had concluded to go and live with Mr. Smith, who was very willing to take him. 'I do not think' said Robert, 'that he was very sorry to leave his father's house, for I believe Mr. and Mrs. Brown do nothing but quarrel. People say they love John very much, and would be glad enough at any time to have him come back to them.' 'Do you think he ever will go back?' said mother. 'No, never,' said Robert. 'Mr. Smith is a good man, and he will find it so pleasant to live there, that I have no idea that he will ever leave.'

"If Mr. Brown would have been willing to have had him work at his trade, and live with him, I think it would have been his duty to have done so. For where

people are so wicked it must do them good to have a good person in the house," said Mary.

"I don't feel sure of that. He ought not to give up those he calls his parents, but I think he might do them as much good by living at Mr. Smiths' and going to see them often."

"John continued to live at Mr. Smith's, and was beloved by all who knew him. He found a little time every day or evening, to call and see Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Sometimes they received him kindly; but often were very cross to him; and reproached him with being too proud to live with them because they were poor. This was very hard for him to bear, but he would not give them up. He gave them books which they read, for they were both very fond of reading. One evening John asked Mr. Brown to go and hear a lecture on temperance. At first he was very angry, and said the reformed inebriates were a pack of great liars, and he would have nothing to do with them. He said they had been ruined by being set up for so much. They were all very proud and would have nothing to do with a poor man. He was so cross that John resolved not to say another word to him on the subject, thinking it did more harm than good. But as he was passing the door to go to the lecture, Mr. Brown came out, saying that he had heard the fellow was that very Sam Bailey who used to work with him when he was a boy. He was a pretty clever fellow then, and though he had heard a great deal against him since, he believed he would go and hear him.



"When they entered the hall, some boys began to laugh, and Mr. Brown was turning round to go back when he saw Mr. Bailey just behind him. Mr. Bailey gave him a very pleasant smile and shook hands with him. He said to himself,—‘He can’t be so very proud,’ and concluded to take a seat. The speaker began in a very modest manner, telling of the happiness which he had enjoyed since he reformed, and at length becoming quite eloquent, he closed with repeating the “Parable of the Prodigal Son.” Mr. Brown’s heart was touched, and he began to shed tears. The next evening when John called to see him, to his great joy, he found him telling his wife about the lecture, and with the Bible open at the “Parable of the Prodigal Son.” John did not stay long, but when he was going out Mr. Brown said, — ‘good night, my son;’ in a very kind manner. The next evening he found them both sober, but not much inclined to converse. One day Mr. Brown met John on his way home to dinner. ‘I have given up my shop,’ said he, ‘and am going to do any thing I can find to do for a living. If I am willing to work I think there is no danger but I shall be able to maintain my old woman and myself.’ John only said, ‘I am very glad.’ His heart beat with joy at the thought. He felt as if it were too good news to be true.

“About a month after this, Mr. and Mrs. Brown invited John very kindly to come and live with them again—saying—‘We will do all in our power to make you comfortable.’ John had become very fond

of Mr. Smith's family, and felt very sorry to leave them ; but he thought it his duty to go to those who had taken care of him in his infancy, if he could contribute to their happiness, when they were growing old. He removed very soon to their house, and found it a very happy home. He lived with them until he was married, which was five years since."

"Where does he live now ?" said Robert, "I never see any body at Mr. Brown's house."

"He, with his wife, and two children, have removed to New York. One of Mr. Brown's neighbors told me that Mr. Brown often heard from him ; and that his letters were as good as his conversation used to be. He is growing rich, and what is far better is respected by all who know him."

"This is a good story," said Mary. "I should not have thought it possible that he could have been so good when he lived with such wicked people."

"We can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us, my dear.' From what I have heard of this boy, I believe he was a Christian when a child. *Christ saved him then.*" H.

---

GENTLENESS renounces no just right from fear ; it gives up no important truth from flattery. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm more powerful than in the manners of the most finished courtier.

BLAIR.

## EVENING HYMN.

## FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

My work is done, I've quit my play ;  
I'm older now another day ;  
And I will sing, before I rest,  
This little hymn I love the best.

I will not fear in darkness deep,  
For God is with us in our sleep,  
And He will keep me, day and night,  
Safe in His love, if I do right.  
When I'm alone, still near He'll be,  
For in my heart he teaches me ;  
And I will try to do His will,  
And, every day, grow better still.

## APOLOGUE.

[Translated from The Hive.]

"ONCE upon a time, the seven sages of Greece, assembled at Athens, being desirous of deciding what was the greatest wonder in creation, ordered that each in turn should give his opinion upon the subject.

The first one who spoke, maintained that there was

nothing more wonderful than the stars, since according to the report of astronomers, most of them were actual suns, around which revolved worlds containing, like the earth, plants and animals, though of strange and unknown forms. Kindled at this perspective, the sages entreated Jupiter to permit them to visit the nearest planet, the moon. — They would remain there three days only, and would then return and relate to men the prodigies which they had beheld in this new world. Jupiter consented, and assigned the summit of a lofty mountain for their place of rendezvous, where a cloud should be in waiting for them. They arrived there at the appointed hour, accompanied by artists and poets who had undertaken to paint and describe their discoveries. After having rapidly traversed the intervening space, they reached the moon, where they found a palace prepared for their reception. On the next day they were so much fatigued with their journey that they never awoke till noon. A rich repast was served up to them for the restoration of their strength, and they partook so largely of it that their curiosity became much blunted. They looked through the windows however that day, upon a delicious country, clothed with the richest verdure and with exquisitely beautiful flowers; they heard the melodious warbling of birds, and they promised themselves that they would rise at dawn on the morrow, to begin their observations. But on the second day, just as they were going out, a troop of dancing youths and maidens filled the way. A second banquet, more sumptuous than the first, was served; there were the rarest wines, music and dancing; every thing invited to pleasure and they yielded



to the temptation. All of a sudden, some envious neighbors, assembling in order to disturb the feast, burst into the banqueting hall with drawn sabres. A combat ensued, in which the sages took part, and the assailants were vanquished. The affair was then carried into court, and the whole of the third day was occupied with the pleas, the rejoinders, and the sentence. The time allowed by Jupiter having then expired, the seven sages descended again to Greece, and all the inhabitants, eager for news from the moon, hurried to meet them. All that the sages could tell about it was, that it was a beautiful country, gay with flowers, and that the birds sang there delightfully. But of what nature were the verdure and the flowers, and of what species were the birds—of these things they knew not a syllable.

The celebrated Linnæus, the author of this apologue, applies it to the whole human race. We live in reality upon enchanted ground; yet disdainful of the wonders which Providence has profusely scattered around us, we resemble more or less those travellers to the moon.

As children we are too thoughtless, too giddy to observe, and guides are wanting to us; as youths we suffer ourselves to be borne away on the tide of frivolous pleasure and worldly dissipation; next come marriage, a family, the cares and struggles which absorb our days, months and years; and then arrives old age, enfeebling our perceptions and shutting up for us one by one, the avenues of observation. Such, with few exceptions, is our usual passage through this lower world; and yet at every step, the marvels with which we are surrounded invite our attention. All perceive the ad-

mirable verdure of the fields and woods, the loveliness of the flowers, and the tuneful warbling of the birds; yet few pause to contemplate in detail the surprising combinations through which the almighty power of God reveals itself to our admiration and love. It is however a great volume which is open to all, and in which the very youngest may learn to spell." L. O.

### PRAYING AND TRYING.

A LITTLE girl was once in the habit of doing something which her mother disapproved, whenever she went to school. Her mother told her she must try to keep from doing it, she said she did try but could not help it. She then told her she must pray to God to keep her from it. After a few days she told her mother that she had prayed but still she did it. One day she came home quite animated, exclaiming "Mother, I did not do it to-day." "How were you able to conquer the habit, my dear?" said her mother. "I found," she answered, "that if I tried ever so much I could not keep from it, and when I prayed to God he could not keep me from it unless I tried myself; so, to-day I prayed and tried both, and then I found I could leave off doing it."

M. H. A.

## THE VACATION.

[See Frontispiece.]

THE long summer vacation had come to Frank and Henry, who had been "in city pent," through the fair, bright Spring days, when they were longing for their old home in the country, and the flower-covered meadow behind the house. June had followed, and they knew that the birds were singing, and that the woods and fields were in all their glory, though bricks and stones were all that greeted their eyes as they took their morning walk to school. When July came, however, and one hot day followed another, and the regular morning greeting of friends was, "Oh, what a night we've had!" it seemed as if school-boys, all-enduring as they are, were beginning to show that they were mortal; and Frank and Henry were not the only ones who rejoiced that their vacation had arrived.

They were to spend it at the seaside; and on one of those days in the middle of July, when the city walls and pavement seem like one huge baker's oven, they found themselves in Mrs. Bent's old brown cottage, just on the edge of the sea, with a pebbly beach in front, the woods and berry thickets behind, and on one side, and reaching far around, a ledge of the Cohasset rocks.

The boys had been used to boating on the river when they lived in the country, and though two years had passed since that time, Frank retained skill enough to be trusted to manage the sail-boat with the aid of his brother, who though several years younger than he, was

so careful and docile, and at the same time so courageous, that he was always to be trusted.

After pushing off in the little dory, Frank found himself in command of a fine boat, with just wind enough to fill his sail; and the exhilaration produced by the change from the hot, dusty city air to the fresh sea-breeze, by the beautiful and wild scenery that surrounded them, and by the bounding motion of their little bark, was such, that there was no way of giving it vent so natural as to break forth into singing. Henry's sweet tones, mingled with Frank's deep second, were borne over the water to the cottage in "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," as they went out; and as, with untired voices and hands, they returned in an hour or two, and the dory landed them on the gay pebbles, the measured cadence of, "Row, brothers, row," gave note of their approach.

S. S. F.

[To be continued.]

### MEMORY.

A thing that glideth about,  
When the stars are in and the sun is out,  
Oft times escaping the eye  
That seeketh it out most anxiously;—  
Yet when the night-shades fall,  
And the work of the day is done,  
Ever it trippeth home  
By the light of the evening sun.





